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I suffered for more than five years with indigestion, scarcely able to retain the simplest food on my stomach. The burning sensation was almost intolerable, and my whole system was deranged. I was weak and could not sleep, and consequently my health suffered all the time. I declined in flesh and suffered all the usual depression attendant upon this terrible disease. In a word, I was miserable. At last, failing to find relief in anything else, I commenced the use of Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills. I began to improve at once. The medicine acted upon the stomach, strengthened the digestive organs, and soon all that burning ceased and I could retain food without difficulty. Now my health is good, and can eat anything in the shape of food and digest it without the slightest difficulty. I most cheerfully bear this testimony, because there are hundreds suffering as I was, and I am sure they can be as readily healed. Take the prescribed dose after eating instead of before.

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## GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

### MORE CONTRIBUTIONS TO GRANT MEMORIAL LITERATURE.

The General's Early Homes in Missouri—Origin of Grant's Name—Postoffice Removals—Ex-Gov. Anthony's Opinion of Grant—The Sheridan Crayon—Retirements From the Supreme Bench.

"The history of the different homes connected with Grant's stay in St. Louis," says the *Republican* of that city, "is soon told. Some twelve miles south of the city is the old farm, on which Whitehaven and Hardacre stand. Whitehaven is the old family home of the Dents. The house is over half a century old, and it is yet, despite its age, a handsome structure. It is here that Brevet Second Lieutenant Grant came courting Miss Julia Dent, the sister of his old classmate, riding over from the barracks, only four miles away. It was in Whitehaven that most of Grant's children were born, and the tenderest associations of his life are associated with it. Hardacre got its peculiar name from Grant himself. He christened it after he had built it. Not only of our cities can show in their environs a log-house built by the hands of a President of the United States. Old Mr. Dent, after Grant had left the army, presented his son-in-law with sixty acres of land, and the future General at once went to work to build a house upon it for his family. He was very poor—so poor that Fred Dent had to lend him the money to buy the flooring, window sash and doorways of his house. According to the good old custom, when the logs were shaped and ready, the neighbors gathered in to help 'raise' the house. The house on Fifth and Center streets, on the southeast corner, was in its time a fine residence. It still bears traces of the style and fashion of its former occupants, but it has fallen from its high estate, and is now a boarding house, which, however, it is to be sold within. The house on Seventh and Barton streets was for a time Grant's property. When he moved into St. Louis to go into the real estate business he traded Hardacre for the Barton-street property. There was a law in the title, however, and the property was taken away from him. It was not till after the war that he recovered possession of Hardacre. The house is a frame, full of surprising doorways and unexpected stairs. It is a little bit of a cottage."

"How many new justices of the Supreme Court will President Cleveland be called upon to appoint during his term?" asked the *Memphis Avalanche* correspondent of an attaché of that illustrious tribunal the other day. "There are several of them arriving at the retiring age, are there not?" "Yes," he answered, "there are four whose age and services will permit them to retire within the next year or so, whether they will do so, however, is another question. It does not always follow that because a justice arrives at an age which would permit him to retire on full pay, he will do so. Indeed, the Supreme Court has retired upon reaching the age and service fixed by law. In almost every case they have served from one to five years longer than they were actually required. So those who are congratulating themselves that the country will have the President's cratie judgment on the Supreme Bench next year instead of one, as it now has, may find themselves mistaken. Justice Bradley arrived two or three years ago at the age and term of service which would permit him to retire, but he is still on the bench, to the great satisfaction of his colleagues, who do not desire to see him retire. He is considerably past 70, but still one of the ablest men on the bench and a very valuable one, too. Mr. Chief Justice Waite, Mr. Justice Miller and Mr. Justice Brandeis will be retiring age and term of service during the coming year, whether they will retire at once or not has not been determined."

"Does it follow that Democratic President would appoint Democratic justices?" "Well," he said with a smile, "it has always happened that way except in the case of Mr. Justice Field, appointed by President Lincoln, he was a war Democrat and a Democrat still, as is well known."

Concerning the significance of the word "Grant," Rev. William Arthur, father of ex-President Arthur, says in his "Etymological Dictionary of Family and Christian Surnames": "Of this name (Grant) Playfair remarks that it may be derived from the Saxon, Irish or French. In the Saxon Grant signifies crooked or bowed. Thus Cambridge, the town and university in England, so-called, signifies a crooked bridge, or rather a bridge upon the Cam River, the crooked or winding river. The Saxons called this town Grant Bridge, can in the British and Grant in the Saxon being of the same significance—crooked. In the old Irish, 'grand' signifies ugly, brave, valorous, and from thence many are inclined to think that the surname Grant is taken from grand, which in the Irish is sounded short, and thereby the letter d at the end of the word is changed into t, and thus grand into grant. The surname, it seems, was thus pronounced in England about 500 years ago, for Richard Grant was made Archbishop of Canterbury in the year 1229, and in Mr. Anderson's genealogical tables, as well as by others, called Richard Grant. But the English historians of that time, writing in Latin, call him Richard Magnus, which plainly shows that they took Grant to be the same with the French Grand and the Latin Magnus, to which let us add that in the old writs the article 'the' is put before the surname 'Grant.'"

A special of July 24 to the *Minneapolis Tribune* says: "Although there have been very severe complaints coming from the Democrats because of the slowness at the Postoffice Department in making changes of postmasters, they have been manifold by the announcement that only 450 Presidential post-offices have been filled since the 4th of March, out of 2,233 offices of that class, and that 3,500 out of 11,000 of the fourth class post-offices have been changed. While it has taken immense work and a very great calculation and research to bring about these changes, and they have been, upon reflection, excused by what might have been expected, they are, it will be seen, a

small per cent. of the results the Democrats hope to achieve. It is stated at the Department that it has kept all hands quite busy to make these appointments. It will be seen therefore, that much of the four years of this administration will pass away before an entire change, in at least the fourth class postmasters, can be brought about."

A story told by Ben: Perley Poore is that when John Morrissey was asked for the information as to his occupation, needed for the compilation of the Congressional Directory, he answered that he was a furo dealer and prize fighter, but not a prize fighter, he hesitated at putting it down, he said: "On the whole, for my boy's sake, put it down moulder, as I worked at that business in a Troy store foundry before I went to New York."

Ex-Governor Anthony of Kansas, who knew General Grant intimately, not only regards him as the greatest general of his time, but a greater statesman than soldier. "Mark my word," he said to a Kansas City *Journal* reporter, "you may live to see the day when General Grant will be recognized by the historian as having been one of the greatest statesmen of his time. It may not be regarded so now, but it will be not many years hence. He placed this country on a footing with those of Europe, and he made other countries recognize us as their equal. It was not until Grant became President that the relations between our country and ours, as they stand to day, became a reality."

Says the "Man About Town" in the *New York Tribune*: "The Grand Army of the Republic of Kings County is happy in the possession of a magnificent crayon portrait of General Phil Sheridan presented to it by Otto Venino, the artist. I saw it on exhibition some time ago and pronounced it the best I had seen of his kind. He used to look during the war and when he was not mad and swearing at some body, I see from a letter of General Sheridan to Mr. Venino that he is of the same opinion as to the correctness of the portrait, though I suppose he would deny the swearing part. He denied it once before when I attributed this quality to him in *Harper's Magazine*, and he would not be pacified until the 'Easy Chair' had mentioned that his swearing trait was common to great soldiers and that Sheridan in this particular resembled one of Washington at Monmouth."

When Dr. Newman accepted the call to the Congressional Church, New York, General Grant attended services there. Previous to that the General had been a member of the Central Methodist Church in Seventh avenue, near Fourteenth street, of which Dr. Newman was pastor. After Dr. Newman resigned from the Madison Avenue Church and went to California, General Grant was without a church home. The Rev. Dr. James S. Chadwick at that time was the pastor of the Central Methodist Church. In the name of the trustees of the church he presented to General Grant the family pew formerly occupied by the General. General Grant accepted it, but his illness prevented his ever attending services in the church again. The pew still remains in his name.

A delegation from Tammany has just been in Washington, says a Western correspondent, and after interviewing the President and Secretary Manning, have gone away in disgust and despair. An illustration of the cool manner in which this delegation was received is given in their call upon Secretary Manning. The delegation laid before the Secretary a list of grievances, and asked him to redress them. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am not politician enough to advise you what to do." "No," replied Register, "a statesman now."

CHARGED WITH STEALING A DOG.—Evans Lewis, a colored photographer, was arrested by Officer Hutchinson last night on complaint of Wm. M. Newton for stealing a dog. Newton was given the dog, which he values at \$50, by an army officer at Fort Monroe some time ago. A few days ago he missed the dog and a search resulted in it being found in Lewis's possession. In the Police Court to-day he was charged with grand larceny.

CHARGED WITH ARSON.—Henry Oliver, a colored boy 15 years of age, was arrested by Officer Hutchinson last night on a charge of arson in setting on fire the unoccupied house of Stone Stern, corner of Fourth and a-half D street southwest, yesterday morning. Oliver, together with a number of other small boys, it is supposed, deliberately set the place on fire to have some fun.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Harry C. Easterday, the county clerk at Price's drug store in South Washington, will prescribe for his health at his home at Leesburg, Va., the present week.

BUILDING IMPROVEMENTS.—A permit was issued yesterday to Matthew Colbert to erect a handsome three-story brick dwelling on Sixth street southwest, opposite St. Dominic's Church. The building will cost \$4,100. A row of twenty-six two-story brick dwellings has just been completed on Virginia avenue, between South Capitol street and New Jersey avenue southwest, for Abraham Fisher, at a cost of \$20,000.

The President has sent a commission to Indianapolis to investigate Vice-President Hendricks' Postmaster Jones, who is accused of "offensive partisanship" on the Democratic side.

Elegant Bicycle Shirts, in white and colored, at Keep's 437 Thist.

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Baby Carriages, refrigerators, carpets and furniture sold on weekly or monthly payments at Smith's, 413 New Jersey avenue northwest.

"Just the Old Stand," 619 D street northwest, buys gents' second-hand clothing. Note by mail attended to.

"Aldermen Dairy Wagons." Fresh Aldermen butter, churned every morning and delivered in 1/2 lb. "Ward" prints, 30c. Also cottage cheese, buttermilk and sweet milk, 5c. per qt. Cream, 15c. per pint.

## WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

When my ship comes in, I shall not wear Those doll, and garments that you despise; My robes will be made of fabrics rare— I shall have shawls and Indian robes— Velvet soft as the woodland mosses— Finest muslins, flays and thin— Lace white as the sea-wave moans— And sparkling gems, when my ship comes in.

When my ship comes in I shall not abide In a plain brown farm-house, prim and neat; I shall not walk by the rough road-side With Indian moccasins upon my feet; I shall dwell in a castle, beside the sea; Fleet steeds shall wait my stables within; I shall ride in the sunshine, fair and free, And never be tired—when my ship comes in.

I shall not sit at the long, lone days, Caring my seam from morn till eve; Looking out over the same old long ways, Searing never my tasks to leave; I shall see the wonderful lands of old, And the beauty and glamour of all therein; I will be more to me than a tale that is told— After my ship has come safely in.

But what if my ship returns no more!— I shall weep, and the night will be drear; If the freighted wealth of her coveted store Remains but a beautiful dream to me; With her baggage and treasure are easy to wear— And the lowly dwelling half peace within; The flowers of the wasteland are many, and fair; I am willing to wait till my ship comes in.—J. M. H. Burdett.

## THE MAIL ROBBER.

It was on a dismal, stormy evening in the year 16—, that a rough-looking traveler passed over the bridge and through the gate of the old English city of Berwick. Approaching the sentinel, who was patrolling his lonely beat, he sat down, took a crust of bread out of his pocket and commenced eating with an apparent relish. To the guard he seemed to be a young artisan, although he could not see the man's features, they being entirely overshadowed by the broad brim of his hat.

The rain commenced coming down in torrents and the wind to blow furiously, while the black clouds gathered as if prepared for a regular tempest. It was just the kind of a night brigands would select for the execution of their dark deeds.

"Heaven guide you if you are going to travel on such a night as this!" said the sentinel, as the man rose from the settee to continue his journey. "Thank you!" was the stranger's only answer, and, taking his heavy cane, he was soon on the desolate heath of Berwick. Having worked his way through the mud and mire for an hour or so, he stopped, and after looking around to select a place, he hid himself in the bushes along the road. After having spent an hour under his rather insubstantial shelter, he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, approaching at which he prepared for an attack. The horseman was bent over the neck of the horse to break the force of the wind, and was speeding along as fast as the condition of the road would permit.

Suddenly, however, he felt some one seize the reins and stop his horse. Raising himself, his hands were held and a pistol pointed at his head, while a calm and rather mild voice told him to "Come down!" Although still with closed eyes, he felt a sudden surprise, he made an effort to take out his weapons, but as soon as he did so he was unceremoniously thrown from his horse, and before he recovered himself from the shock his horse and the mail-bag had disappeared with his assailant.

Following the robbery of the mail for the north of the British Kingdom was the day set apart for the execution of one of King James' opponents, Sir John Cochrane, who was awaiting his death in a dark prison cell at Berwick.

Sir John had identified himself with the party which opposed James II., and being one of the leaders, he had been taken by force and sentenced to death. He had taken leave of all his friends and relatives except his oldest daughter, who, Secretary of State, had thus far refrained from making use of the privilege of visiting him.

As Sir John was speculating in his mind on the probable reason of his daughter's motives the door of his cell opened and the jailer, accompanied by a soldier, entered. "Sir John," said the jailer, "the mail bag which contained the king's warrant was stolen from the postman last night, and in consequence your execution will be postponed."

"Thank you," said Sir John, hardly knowing what to say for joy of seeing his daughter, to whom he turned, saying: "My dear Gertrude! My darling daughter!"

"My dear father," said Gertrude when they were alone, "take courage; you shall not die."

"We have no reason for expecting pardon, my daughter. My life may have been prolonged a few days, but the king will sign another warrant."

"A few days, father? Why, there is hope as long as there is life. Is not grandfather a friend of Father Peters, the king's confessor and counselor?"

"Alas, yes; but that will not save my life. Do not beguile your heart with a false hope. It is the Lord's will."

"Amn!" answered Gertrude. "Nevertheless, father, you shall not die."

The jailer opened the door, saying that the time allowed for her visit had expired, and Sir John was again alone.

Two weeks had passed since the robbery of the mail, and again it is night. It is a brilliant night, however, and the moon is throwing fantastic shadows. The mail carrier is again crossing the heath of the Tweed, approaching Berwick with alert eyes and his right hand on his pistol.

Just as he turned around a bush in a bend of the road a pistol shot breaks the silence of the night, and he feels the ball grazing his hair. He grasps his own weapon, but his trembling hold of it made it go off without aim.

The sudden noise of the shots in such rapid succession frightens his horse, who throws his rider off and starts to bolt. But it is checked by the hand of the same mysterious stranger of a fortnight ago.

"Your weapons or your life!" says the same mild voice, continuing, after having received the pistol: "Leave me your horse and bag, and do not stir till I am out of sight if you value your life."

The bandit jumped into the saddle and disappeared as if on wings.

For the second time were all the preparations necessary for Sir John Cochrane's execution made, and it only awaited the arrival of the mail, when again the robbery was announced, and consequently Sir John's life was once more prolonged.

At the daily visit of his daughter that morning, Sir John said: "Surely God's hand is visible in this."

"Yes, father," answered Gertrude, weeping; "I told you that my father should not die."

As soon as the news of the second robbery of the mail reached London the father of Sir John, the duke of Dundonald again interposed for the life of his son, and with the help of Father Peters, who pointed out to the king the failure of the previously signed warrants to reach their destination, the king was prevailed upon to pardon Sir John Cochrane.

The duke of Dundonald hastened to Berwick with the joyful tidings, and two weeks after the second mail robbery the prison door opened for Sir John, who, accompanied by his father, hastened to his home where all his family were soon gathered around him. No, not all. Gertrude was not there. Where could he be? No one knew.

But there came a stranger at the door who desired an interview with Sir John. Being ordered in, the mysterious stranger whom we saw four weeks ago on the heath of the Tweed entered, and, approaching Sir John, handed him two documents saying: "After the perusal of these papers commit them to the fire."

Sir John opened the papers, recognizing the two death-warrants signed by the King. Turning pale, he says: "You saved my life; how shall I thank you?" and turning to the astonished spectators, he continued: "Father, children, here is the man who saved my life. Thank him!"

The old Duke took the stranger by the hand, and the children drew nearer, but the stranger could not control himself, he threw his broad-brimmed hat on the floor, disclosed the tear-stained but happy face of Gertrude Cochrane.

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For Portland, daily, except Sunday, 7:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m.  
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For Kobe, daily, except Sunday, 7:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m.  
For Osaka, daily, except Sunday, 7:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m.  
For London, daily, except Sunday, 7:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m.  
For Paris, daily, except Sunday, 7:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m.  
For Rome, daily, except Sunday, 7:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m.  
For Athens, daily, except Sunday, 7:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m.  
For Constantinople, daily, except Sunday, 7:30 a. m. and 10:30 p. m.  
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